

[Mr. Harry Crigler]

[??] [DUP?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul & L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebraska

DATE Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mr. Harry Crigler, Hastings, Nebraska
2. Date and time of interview At office twice, Nov. 1938
3. Place of interview At office
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Interviewed at office

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul & L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Mr. Harry Crigler, Hastings, Nebraska

1. Ancestry Yankee, English
2. Place of birth and date Lincoln, Nebraska, Feb. 1888.

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3. Family bachelor, no near relatives
4. Place lived in, with dates Lincoln, Nebr. Dawes County, Adams County.
5. Education, with dates 6 grades, country school.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates [Cobbler?], radio expert, [?]
7. Special skills and interests Good radio man, Guitar player
8. Community and religious activities Salvation army musician
9. Description of informant 5 foot 10 inches, complexion tanned, hair black weight 155 lbs. Left hand mutilated through fire accident.
10. Other points gained in interview Takes to hobbies, spontaneously

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul & L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. Harry Crigler, Hastings, Nebraska

Lost in a Snow Storm

It was in 1912, around Christmas time, I judge, I wouldn't say for sure. I went to see a girl. She was helping a lady who was sick. I drove a buggy. My team was not shod. When I got there, the girl wanted to go home. She had a buggy and team with her. The team was newly shod. We both started to drive our rigs to her place. It was snowing. My vision was shut off. We drove on a road thru timber. When we started around a hill I lost sight of her. Then I lost my directions. After driving for sometime it seemed as if I was traveling in a

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circle. The circle seemed to get bigger and bigger. I was terribly confused. Then I came to a draw. It was too deep to cross. Then I started up a ridge. I was still surrounded by timber on all sides. I decided to turn back, thinking perhaps I might find a road I had left. Finally I saw a house. It was the neighbors place. He showed me the road. I traveled it again and came to my girl's home. She had arrived safely. It was a grand reunion. We related our experiences of the night. I have never since forgotten this night when I was lost in the snow storm.

It was one of those old-fashioned snow storms of pioneer days. It was a real blizzard.